

CÆLIUS, No. IV.

To the Electors of the State of New-York.

THE period is now arrived, when the power which is originally derived from the people, returns again to its source. Our rulers again descend from their elevated stations, and relying on their integrity or conscious of their guilt, elated by hope or depressed by fear, await in submissive silence, the judgment of their country. If by their unremitting efforts to promote the welfare and secure the liberties of the people, they have proved themselves not unworthy of their confidence, if in the discharge of their important trust, they have shewn that their talents and their industry are not inadequate to the duties which it imposes, they will undoubtedly receive the reward of honest and faithful servants. The people will be eager to declare their gratitude by again raising them to the offices which for a time they are compelled to resign, and under the beneficial influence of their wise and mild administration, this happy state will continue to increase in power and flourish in prosperity: but the people are as just as they are grateful; if they have the generosity to reward benefits, they have also the spirit to resent insults, and the determination to punish injuries. If they perceive that their confidence has been abused, that the powers which they had entrusted to their rulers, for the general protection and security have been converted into engines of oppression, and employed for the establishment of tyranny; that the interests of the community have been sacrificed to private aggrandizement, and the sanctions of the constitution violated, to gratify the animosity, or secure the dominion of a faction; I tremble to think what punishment their indignation may inflict on those, who, intoxicated with temporary success, had conceived that a generous nation, proud of its freedom and jealous of its rights, could be oppressed and insulted with impunity. Unhappy men! in the deepest obscurity and most retired privacy, you will scarcely find a refuge from the contempt and detestation of your country—and the justice of history will immortalize your crimes and perpetuate your infamy.

The right of election is justly esteemed the palladium of our liberties : It is the frequent and independent exercise of this right which can alone impress on the minds of our governors a proper sense of their dependence : By this they are perpetually reminded that government was instituted for the benefit of the people and ought to be administered for their happiness ; it is this that mortifies the pride of family, represses the insolence of wealth, and extinguishes the hopes of criminal ambition. No arts of intrigue, no disguise of hypocrisy, can long deceive the penetration of the people. The public vigilance is continually aroused ; the merits and pretensions of candidates for the favor of the people are examined with vigor, and scrutinized with severity. Those who betray our confidence and disappoint our expectations, are quickly degraded from their honors, and in the obscurity of private life have leisure for repentance and opportunity of amendment.

Fortunately this right we still retain : To those who have not surrendered their judgments and their consciences to the interested views of a party, and who are disposed to bestow their suffrages with independence and discernment ; I offer the following reflections.

To enable us to determine whose claims to our support deserve the preference, and where we may bestow our suffrages with greatest probability of benefit

to our country ; it is necessary to consider, the nature and tendency of the measures by which the ruling party have chiefly distinguished their administration ; the probable consequences to the state should the authors of these measures succeed in perpetuating their power ; and what improvement in our situation can reasonably be expected should these men be driven from their holds, and Mr. Burr elevated to the station, to which in the judgment of his friends, his talents and his patriotism so eminently entitle him.

I shall make no apology for considering Mr. Lewis as devoted to the interests of the ruling party, it is by them that he was nominated and he now receives their open and declared support. There can be little doubt that a blind compliance to their will, a slavish subservience to their designs, were stipulated as the conditions of his nomination, nor can we expect from the character of his mind, that he will have the spirit and independence to oppose their projects, and break through the thralldom to which they have condemned him.

I do not intend fellow-citizens to arouse your passions by an artful and rhetorical exaggeration of the evils which we have suffered from the late administration: I will not compare our situation, to the despotisms of Europe; I will not say that under the reign of the Livingstons and the Clintons, we had no longer any security for our property or our persons—that our precarious existence depended on the caprice of arbitrary tyrants. Were I to advance such opinions as these, I might justly be despised as a fool or derided as a visionary, whilst the sentiments of the people remain unchanged, whilst we retain independence, by which we have hitherto been distinguished, we have little to fear from any sudden or violent attack on the principles of the constitution. But we have just and weighty reason of complaint, when, through the treachery or incapacity of our governors, we do not derive all those advantages from our peculiar form of government, which it was intended and is calculated to produce. Under an arbitrary government the only bad to honor and preferment, is through a base compliance with the wishes of the tyrant; those whose enlarged capacity enables them to perceive, and whose disinterested philanthropy inclines them to pursue the true interests of their country, are generally condemned to pass their lives in hopeless obscurity and useless retirement; the tyrant well knows that his interests are distinct from those of his subjects, and that the power which was built on ignorance, can be maintained only by oppression. To remedy these evils popular governments were instituted, but though the forms of such a government be preserved the treachery of those who are entrusted with its administration, may easily defeat its end and frustrate its intention.

CÆLIUS.

(To be Continued.)

TO TOBY TICKLER, ESQ.

A VERY singular diary was found under a dining table, about three weeks ago, by one of the latest guests, and handed to me with permission to shew it to whom I pleased. As the whole world will see it sooner or later (for I cannot keep it to myself) it may as well make its appearance in your very excellent paper. It seems to me to be altogether without connection; and written only for the amusement of its illustrious author, is almost unintelligible to any one else. Publish the following extract as a specimen, and if it afford as much amusement to the public as it

has to me, I will endeavor to decypher the remainder, and add occasionally an explanatory note, where the sense is most uncommonly obscure. There are no dates, and the slips of paper upon which this interesting journal is written, are so mixed and confused, and jumbled together, that it will be the work of an age to reduce them to any sort of order.

1. Began to prepare for circuit---devilish trouble-
some---with I could get something better. Gun out
of order---no flints---pointer lame---must wait a day
for him. Mem. to buy two pair of silk stockings---
must take Bob and Mat along.

2. Bought a tweezer-case—met D—C—n,
C—m, and E—r, (Mat and Bob too) about
my election—all a farce—can't get in—D-W-t grum-
spoke crows to C—m. don't know why, R—
supple as usual, crack'd a joke upon his leg, didn't
mind it, good natured little dog; dined at Mats,
beef tough, we all wondered why gudgeons had
such large mouths, D-W-t wished the people had
as big, for he could'n make 'em swallow any thing
now a days; D-W-t told some stories about Burr,
believe he lied, for C—m said he'd swear to 'em.
snuffed up my nose when I passed D-W-t, couldn't
help it, must have some fun, he got in a passion—
call'd my *lack bob* to set next to me, walk'd out, D-
W-t and I good friends again; boys huzza for Burr,
C—m whipt 'em away, went home, Mat and
Bob got two pigeons, had a good set at brag, Mat
at his *old tricks* again.—Crossed to Long-Island,
remembered what D-W-t told me, and shook a
greasy butcher by the hand, Faugh! dirty work,
neck or nothing tho', lost poor Quirk swimming
hair down a river, ~~and he was killed there.~~
went to bed sober as a judge.

Charged Jury in Kings County, Bob's cock got the pip; no business; poor Bob, sent him ten miles for a bottle good champagne; lock'd up jury, made Mat call a meeting to nominate governor—stay'd at home to pick my eyebrows; D-W-t pop'd in upon me, (lives close by) call'd me cockcomb and ass; bawl'd out for Bob, (forgot I'd sent him for champagne) frighten'd half to death; Bob came back empty; went to bed seven o'clock.

Sick all day—lay abed—D- W-t bored me.

Rose at nine ; shot a cock before breakfast ; Bob bullied a fellow who wouldn't let me walk over his wheat field ; useful fellow Bob ; must give him a place ; do any dirty work—dined at D-W-t's ; D-W-t's soup never falt enough ; went to Queens ; got chamber maid to wash my feet ; pretty girl ; mum. —

Had such a cold couldn't charge jury; no matter; safe of murder; Dick promised to wake me when they began to sum up—Starve him! he forgot it.—

Man beat his wife, bruised her piteously; but didn't use a *stick thicker* than his *thumb*, directed jury to bring in verdict *not guilty*; they brought him in *guilty*, sent 'em out again, they returned *guilty* a second time; wouldn't obey me; so I rode 'em round the country in a *cart*, ay, in a *cart*! rare sport—so I use the power that the law gives me, dam'ne.

Here my confusion begins, Mr. Tickler; however make the best of it:

Adjourn'd court; went to J—n W—t's. Mem. to try and find out what J—n is; asked Dick, but he "protected on his honor" he could not tell (little monkey) a grum looking fellow asked me how the wind was; J—n keeps good madeira tho'; he talked to me about consistency; what right has he to say any thing about it; mustn't say so tho'; asked me if I got a good price for my butter; old quiz, put him under the table for't.

My dear Toby, I can get no farther, I'm lost in a maze of perplexities; but you shall hear from me again.

Your loving friend,
RIGDUMFUNNIDOS.

FOR THE CORRECTOR.

"The name of LIVINGSTON is itself a fortune."

HAUGHTY and insolent as the above declaration may appear, it has hitherto been found too true, and the same observation might be applied with equal propriety to the name of Clinton. It may not be amiss to enquire what claims these names possess to a superiority above all others in the state, and how consistent it is with the spirit of our government to suffer them to retain it.

Can it be possible that honesty, capacity, and attachment to the constitution, are so peculiarly the characteristics of the Clinton and Livingston families, as to entitle them to a monopoly of the honors and offices of the state; a monopoly totally inconsistent with the spirit of freedom, and not long tolerated even under the most aristocratic form of government. The haughty Patricians of ancient Rome, for some time after the abolition of the monarchy, succeeded in excluding the people from all share in the government; but the genius of the Roman people was not calculated to brook this subjection, nature had never intended them for slaves; their firm and constant opposition, therefore, to the encroachments of the Patricians, and their unremitted exertions in the cause of freedom, soon removed every obstacle from the road to dignity and power; and virtue, whether found in the senate-house or the forum, was equally sure of obtaining its reward.

Although two families, however extensive their influence or fruitful their resources, might not be able to establish and maintain their dominion over us, in defiance of the general wish of the people; yet let us be cautious how far we suffer the experiment to be carried; let us not deceive ourselves with the vain hope of being able, at any time, to shake off our fetters, and cast them off; to remain contented slaves because we have the power of becoming freemen.

Let us learn from the example of Florence, the danger to which a free state is exposed, from too great an accumulation of riches and power in one family. Unless some change take place, the combined families of this state, like the Media of Florence, will soon be raised above the necessity of asking the suffrages of the people; possessed of all the revenues, and all the offices of the state, and employing the power and influence necessarily attendant on riches and official dignity, in the maintenance of their authority; they may fet the people at defiance, and trample on their liberties with impunity; already do they consider it as an encroachment on their privileges, to propose to the people of the state a governor, whose veins are not swelled with the blood of the Livingstons or Clintons.

Rouse from your slumbers, fellow-citizens; awake to a sense of the impending danger; every hour of inactivity rivets your chains, and renders your emancipation more difficult; teach this haughty aristocracy that you still retain the power of thinking and acting for yourselves, that you have resolved to disallow their arrogant pretensions to superiority, to prove to them that they are but private citizens.

TO TOBY TICKLER, ESQ.

Dear Cousin,

The patronage which has been so liberally extended to the new and interesting performances of our native authors, has induced the proprietors to enlarge their plan beyond the limits of their first intention; and the candor and indulgence of a generous public has stimulated our learned countrymen to so beneficial an emulation in their labors, and to so extraordinary an exertion of their talents, that I am now enabled to present to you for publication, a catalogue of no less than ten numbers of a work under-

taken with singular spirit, and conducted with uncommon ability.

The productions which I first had the honor of ushering to the favor of the public, have been fought after with avidity, and read with interest. The names of the ingenious authors have been called forth from obscurity, or rescued from oblivion, whilst their characters, perhaps not duly appreciated before my notice of their merits, have been vindicated from misconception, preserved from misapprehension, and placed in the justest and truest lights before the eyes of their admiring countrymen.

There has occurred, however, one melancholy circumstance, which, as it tends to mortify the pride of genius, serves also to depress the delight which I have hitherto experienced in the prosecution of my task. Soon after the publication of my first letter, the celebrated author of the "Redemptioners" discovered the most alarming and distressing symptoms of mental derangement, which seem to threaten in the end a total destruction of his intellectual powers. The case of this tragic-comic poet is as remarkable as it is lamentable. Ever since the commencement of his malady, his mind seems to have dwelt upon no other subject, than the drama which was mentioned in the last catalogue, and which was received with so much applause by the public; this seems "the maker string which makes harmony or discord with him." He does not, however, as might reasonably be expected, dwell with rapture on its merits, or appear intoxicated with the approbation which mark'd its reception. But with a singularity which ever distinguishes the madness of men of genius, he complains of the libellous nature of his own performance, and has actually prevailed upon his friends to institute a prosecution against his printer for publishing the productions of his own imagination.

"Great genius sure to madness is all'd,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide."

In the list of those works which compose the subject of my present enclosure you will find a variety of excellence, calculated for the amusement and instruction. The lovers of comedy and farce will find much entertainment in "the Knight of the Burning Pestle," and "the Honors of Contradiction;" the admirers of poetry will be moved, by the doric simplicity of ——— and enraptured with the sublime devotion of the heavenly muse of Mr. O——: whilst the experimental philosopher and natural historian will reap a rich harvest of materials from the labors of that greatman whose "fame has traversed the ocean, and circumnavigated the globe," and whose name is celebrated from the peak of Teneriffe to the foot of the Dunderberg—from the head of the Penobscot to the mouth of the Michillimachinac—from Cape Cod to Little-Egg-Harbour—from the Antipodes to the centre of the earth.

I am, dear Sir,
your affectionate

relation and friend,
TOUCHSTONE TICKLER.

P. S. In a future communication it is my intention to furnish you with copious extracts from several of these works, with an impartial criticism upon their general merits and execution.

"New and interesting publications by native and living Authors."

No. 9. "The Knight of the Burning Pestle; or a voyage to the Promontory" a pantomimical farce by J—n B——me Esq. S. and C. A. M.

"Non cuiusque datum est habere nasum."

No. 10. "He wou'd or he wou'd not; or the humours of contradiction," a Burletta, by J—W—s Esq. F. I. C. W.

No. 11. "The way to wealth, an experimental treatise on the art of having a fortune" reduced to system and arranged under two distinct heads, viz.

Part 1st. Stopping payment in season.

Part 2d. Paying piffareens for pounds.

By J—R. ——— Gent.

"Rem facias rem,
Si possis recte, si non, quocunque modo rem."

No. 12. "The specious sycophant or the biography of a parasite," in which it is clearly demonstrated that a fop and a fool by the constant practice of boo-ing, fawning, cringing, flattering and lying, will inevitably attain the first honors of his profession, and the most lucrative offices of the state—written for the edification of the promising youth of the faction—by R—R—, Esq. A. G. S. D. Printed upon a vellum paper and bound in the form of a small pocket volume.

No. 13. "The Loves of the Tygers," a comico, politico, philosophico, misanthropical poem, imitated from Dr. Darwin—by G—C—jun. and T—s W——n Esqs. This piece was set to music by a frantic fidler, and will be sung after the election by the leaders of the coalition in full chorus, with a grand accompaniment of guns, drums, trumpets, marrow bones and cleavers.

No. 14. "Experiments and observations upon Soap Suds, for the benefit of S——s M——r, Esq. with an appendix in 2 vols folio, containing, 1. A treatise upon the manufacture of words to be derived from all languages. 2. Microscopic examinations of the pineal glands of a louse. 3. A memoir concerning the natural history of the *porcus doctus*, vulgarly called 'the learned pig', by ——— of Plandome, Esq. M. D. L. L. D. nuper Proff. Chym. Hist. Nat. et Agrie. Theor. et Prac. et Chowcol. Proff. in Col. Coll. nunc Cent. V. Fredon. Sec. Agrie. Soc. A. P. S. S. F. R. S. Lond. et Ed. nec non Sos. Hon. Acad. Heid. Phys. Hosp. Nov. Eber. A. S. S. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c."

No. 15. A new edition of the same work, to which is prefixed a life of the learned author, written by himself, embellished with a portrait of the doctor, esteemed a striking likeness, and accompanied by a supplementary appendix, in royal quarto, containing an accurate list of all his offices, titles, honors and dignities, as well those he enjoys at present, as those he enjoyed lately, and those which he never did enjoy, strongly bound in calf. Motto—"There is no man more free than myself from the despicable vice of vanity. But without pausing the reasons of modesty, I may venture to assert, that wherever science is cultivated, and genius revered, there is the name of M—— honored, and his labors acknowledged with gratitude. My fame is not confined within the limits of Fredonia, vast as they are.—No, it has traversed the ocean—it has circumnavigated the globe, and now fills and pervades every region of the civilized world."—*Extracted from the answer to the address of the medical students of Columbia College.*

No. 16. "The hymn of the hypocrites," by S——O——, Esq. S. R. et N. O. N. Y. D.—*Extract.*

"Praise ye, D. W. all ye who hope for fame,
Or boast the royal blood, and Clinton name;
Praise him, each Livingston, or fool or knave,
And your crept-heads in sign of worship wave."

THE CORRECTOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 21.

The next Number of the CORRECTOR will appear on Thursday next.

Captain Cheetham in his paper of yesterday, makes an attempt to excuse himself and his counsel from the charge of having wilfully delayed the trial of the suit against him by the Vice-President; lame and feeble as this attempt is, it requires notice, and if the Captain is to be believed, it tends to prove conclusively that he is absolutely guilty and that it is his fault the cause has not been tried. It is of no consequence when the writ was issued or returnable, or when the declaration was filed; it is sufficient that it was filed in time to try the cause before this day if the Captain had been disposed for it: He says, that upon the writ being served he made arrangements to counteract the delusive pleas which he was persuaded would be practised, to enable him to meet the Vice-President with promptness as soon as possible after the writ

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was returned, say on the very day with his declaration—that with a view of facilitating the filing of this declaration, he several times called in his paper for it, but in vain. That he did call in his paper for the declaration is true, and it is also true that but a few days before he received it, he declared in his paper that he was ready for trial; I really believe he was then as ready as ever he will be. He now says, that about the middle of March he received correct information that Mr. Burr had requested his counsel to prepare his declaration; of what charges it would be composed, now become a question; that he was persuaded of the embarrassment the formation of his plea, to prolong the period of its completion, and with a view to obtain a verdict on some immaterial count, it would include charges the most collateral to the main one, and to counteract cunning so specious, and fraud so imposing, he on the 24th March before the declaration was filed, wrote to his counsel a letter requesting them to propose, that the declaration should be confined to the single charge of having intrigued to advance himself to the Presidency of the United States, contrary to the known wishes of the people. This proposition was made by the Captain's counsel to the counsel of the Vice-President on the 27th March, the third day after the declaration was filed. On the same day certain propositions were made by the counsel of the Vice-President to those of the Captain, which if they had been acceded to would have brought the suit to a speedy determination. To those propositions no answer was ever made.—The Vice-President in order to accommodate the Captain and his Counsel, and to facilitate the proceedings in the suit, on the 10th inst. consents to their request, and makes certain propositions necessary to be acceded to by the opposite counsel in order to carry their intentions into effect—no answer was ever given to them. The Captain now says, he could not be ready for trial before the Election, because the declaration principally consists of collateral accusations, which for various reasons he was desirous it should not. In fact the whole amount of what he says is, that he was only prepared to go to trial on the charge of having intrigued for the Presidency, and that he did not expect the declaration would contain any other. A very pretty story this truly.—What a consummate stock of impudence must the man possess.—He goes on for two years abusing the Vice-President in the most shameful manner, not only in his public but in his private character; and when prosecuted for it, has the effrontery to say he did not expect he was sued for any slanders against private character, I suppose however, he for once tells the truth and really believed what he has stated.—Surely it would have been no difficult thing if what he said was true, to predict others.

Certainly he has not gone on for such a length of time to assert slanders and now have to look for proof to support them. This will not do Captain, it will not go down. Admitting however, that there is some plausibility in this excuse, what reasons can be assigned for not acceding to the propositions of the 13th, which met him upon his own ground. Every thing he asked was granted. He was as he says, possessed of his proof and in perfect readiness to go to trial, and yet his counsel remain silent and shew no disposition for it. How is he to answer this; it was not possible for the plaintiff to press the trial, it could only be done by consent, and that was withheld.—There can be no doubt that the Captain did not intend the cause should be tried before the Election. If he did intend it he has taken a strange way to prove it.

I am preparing a pickle in which I contemplate immersing *Preserved Fish* of Flushing. This blubbery fellow, who has recently been imported into Queens' county, is now with unparalleled impudence, attempting to govern, not only the town in which he resides, but the whole country. Mr. Fish, in his communications with a certain gentleman in this city, boasts much of the manner in which he carried the nomination of Mr. Riker, for congress. Let him beware that these vauntings do not produce deserved contempt in the district in which he resides.—I am informed that the people are not perfectly satisfied

with his attempt to bully them into the opinions of De Witt Clinton.

TULLY MAGPIE.

In the last Corrector I observe a reward of five cents is offered to any person that will give information respecting Tully Robinson, the young man that at a late meeting of "one thousand" Lewisites "delivered an eloquent and animated speech on the perfidy of Mr. Burr," in the course of which he observed "that Mr. Burr was as desperate in private life, and as treacherous in public, as Cataline." This was a pretty high sounding charge from the lips of a youth, and I do not wonder the Corrector is desirous of knowing what Mr. Robinson is, whence he came, and where he is to be found. I cannot claim the reward. But I know one TULLY MAGPIE, who is probably a relation to the orator—if you want to find him, you have only to go to a porter-house in Fair-street, at the sign of the Green Bay-tree, kept by one Hedges, formerly a barber; and there you may see this "eloquent and animated" young gentleman displaying his talents at the billiard-table ten hours a day with one of our pilots, at from twenty to thirty dollars the rub. You will please therefore, Mr. Printer, to deposit half your reward where I deposit this, in your letter-box.

EBENEZER.

Pray Mr. Ebenezer, do you not remember a time, when certificates were going? that you thought Jacob was a much more convenient name than Ebenezer, and that you borrowed it for a little while? Shall I tell the rest?

SAMUEL COWDRY.

One Samuel Cowdry has been making himself very busy in writing handbills, to make good the story of "Poor Behrens" and "Poor Morgan," and this morning has given a certificate in the Citizen for that purpose. I suppose therefore, Mr. Corrector, you would be glad to know something of Mr. Cowdry too. The most noted act of Mr. Cowdry's public life, except his writing certificates and handbills, was his subscription last summer of two dollars towards the relief of the Portsmouth sufferers by fire, which money he borrowed. He afterwards suffered himself to be sued for this money before the ten pound court, when he appeared on the trial and denied that he had ever subscribed the list, the court was adjourned till the plaintiff could send all the way to New-Hampshire for the original subscription, which he did, and judgment was given against Mr. Samuel Cowdry for two dollars or thereabouts. Any body doubting the truth of this is referred to the justice court minutes and to Mr. Robert Stanton. Now is not this a famous fellow to bring forward charges of dishonesty?

ROBERT DRAKE.

Cowdry in his hand-bill appeals to Robert Drake of the fourth ward, merchant, for the truth of his hand-bill about Poor Morgan, and intimates that Robert stands ready to swear to the facts. On enquiring, I find that the circumstance must have happened some few years before Robert was born, and therefore, it is not probable, he could say a great deal about it, from his own knowledge; I shall therefore let that pass and come to Robert's cock hat.

You must know that Robert was once chosen a lieutenant of a company in the 7th ward, but having no cock'd hat he used to borrow his friend Mr. B——'s. One day when he came for the hat, B. told him to go and buy a hat for himself, adding, and I'll pay half of it. Drake took him at his word, bought the hat, and when the parties, some time afterwards, came to settle accounts, it was found Drake had charged B. for half the hat, and insisted on being allowed for it. This is the man Cowdry called a "respectable merchant."

POPULARIUS.

When POPULARIUS was in the Assembly, he was

member of a committee, which did something about a Behrens petition.

Poor Popularius in company with three other geese certifies to his total ignorance of what he was about then.

I confess I know very little of his proceedings except that he smoked 20 pipes a day, and helped to pass a law against HORSE-RACING.

The Citizen of Tuesday contained a repetition of that string of pitiful calumnies which have so often been refuted, so often exposed their inventor to public scorn.

Is Cheetham then become a bankrupt in invention as well as in truth and reputation? Surely it was of some such man that the poet wrote,

What shames this scribbler? break one cobweb through,
He spins the slight self-pleasing thread anew;
Destroy his fib or sophistry—in vain,
The creature's at his dirty work again.

The lovers of truth cannot but smile at the affected tenderness of the framers of the last address, for the private characters of the rival candidates, and their hypocritical detestation of calumny, misrepresentation, and falsehood. Formerly they would have disdained to make use of such condescending language; but

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like a toad, ugly and venomous,
Bears yet a precious jewel in its head.

The deistical crew at Newburgh, not content with retailing the lies of Cousin Cheetham, have set up a manufactory of their own.

They have for some time past been very industrious in the fabrication of stupid, malignant, little falsehoods against the characters of the friends of Col. Burr. The fellows have no invention, but they supply its place by impudence and perseverance.

It is however to be hoped, for the honor of the truly republican county of Orange, that the honest yeomanry will not allow themselves to be imposed upon by such a set of shallow pated knaves.

TO REFRACTORY SCOUNDRELS.

Some of my culprits are disposed to be troublesome. These miscalculating wretches deem me of as timid and mutable materials as themselves. I will make them feel their error. Of late I have availed myself chiefly of my correspondents' aid, as at present I have not leisure for threshing rascals. I shall now take the rod in my own hand, and promise, if necessary, to lay bare their bones.

BLACKLEGS and his CHUCKLE-HEAD brother, have put in claims on my chastisement which shall not be forgotten.

"For since no reason can confute ye
I'll try to flog you to your duty;
And curry, if you stand out, whether
You will or no, your stubborn leather."

BILLY LUSCIOUS, is informed that I know of his late electioneering excursion—never was jack-ass so loaded, as this thick-skulled traveller with scurrilous handbills. I know of his nocturnal adventure at Peekskill, and will promulge the *sombre* story, if he persists in his officious tricks.

Quashe, "by any other name would smell as sweet."

AN APPRENTICE WANTED.

Enquire at this Office

* * * A LETTER-BOX, for the accommodation of those gentlemen who are disposed to assist the editor of "THE CORRECTOR" by communications, is placed in the door fronting Wall-street, of the book-store of S. GOULD & Co. All articles conporting with the plan of this paper, and free from gross personalities, will be thankfully received.

CHEETHAMANA.

Extracted from the works of the modern Martial.

APOLOGY FOR CHEETHAM, ADDRESSED TO THE
WORSHIPFUL THE MAYOR.

—in vino veritas—

CHEETHAM, the other night was tripping
caught

Forgive him, Sir—he'll not repeat the fault.
The best may err, misled by wine and youth,
Poor Ch—m drank too hard; and told—the truth!
E'en thou, should generous wine o'ercome thy
sense,

May't rashly stumble on the same offence.

With pious whine, and hypocritic snivel,
Our fathers said, "Tell truth, and shame the devil."
A nobler way the CITIZEN is trying—
He seeks to shame the devil—by outlying!

How well De Witt, for different ends,
Can marshal his obedient friends!
When only time, he wants not sense,
Wortman vents copious impotence.
If demi-falsehoods must be tried,
By Dick the quibbling talk supply'd;
But for the more accomplish'd lie,
Who with the dauntless Citizen shall vie?

GRAND TREATY OF LYING.

THE devil and C—m a treaty have made,
On a permanent footing to settle their trade;
'Tis the commerce of lying—and this is the law:
The devil imports him all lies that are raw;
Which, check'd by no docket, unclogg'd with a fee,
The Imp manufactures, and sells duty free;
Except where the lie gives his conscience much
trouble,
The internal expence should have recompence
double.

Thus, to navigate falsehood no bar they'll devise,
But — must become the emporium of lies.
Nay, the C—ns themselves, when in meetings
they bark it,
Must supply their consumption from Satan's own
market.

FOR THE CORRECTOR.

"Truth needs not, James, the eloquence of oaths,
No more so than a decent suit of cloaths
Requires of broad gold lace, th' expensive glare
That makes the linsy-woolsey million stare;
Besides, a proverb suited to my will,
Declares that swearing never catches fish.
'Tis vulgar—I have laid it o'er and o'er;
Then keep thy temper Jem, and swear no more."

CHEETHAM'S address to the independent elec-
tors of the state of New-York, relative to the suit
instituted against him by the vice-president of the
United States, to which he presumes to put his
name, and then under date of the 19th of April, be-
fore R. Swanton, notary-public, swears, that the
FACTS in his address are true. He begins properly
to appreciate his declarations, and the weight of his
signature. It is a plain acknowledgment that he is
at length fully convinced, that neither the one or
the other will any longer pass current in society, he
therefore attempts to strengthen them by an oath.

"A most compendious way, and civil,
At once to cheat the world, the devil,
And heaven and hell, yourself, and those
On whom you vainly think t' impose.
We've learn'd how far we're to believe
Your pinning oaths upon your sleeves;
But there's a better way of clearing
What you would prove, than downright swear-
ing;

Enough to serve for satisfaction
Of nicest scruples in the action."

TO TOBY TICKLER, ESQ.

SIR,

Will you be so obliging as to make enquiry and in-
form the public on the following points:

1. Does not the paper called the "American Cit-
izen," now actually belong wholly or principally to
Messrs. D. W. C— and G— C—?

2. When they made the purchase of the same of
Mrs. Greenleaf and offered their note for the a-
mount agreed on, did she not object to receiving the
same because their uncle's name was not indors'd
conformably to agreement?

3. Is it not a fact that this paper does not by ma-
ny hundred dollars defray its expences, and is not
this deficiency supply'd from the family purse?

4. Is it not a fact that after the verdict of the suit
of Mr. Varick, for 500 dollars, with about 200 dol-
lars costs—the same at the suit of Mr. Riggs—and a
compromise with Mr. Waddington for 400 dollars
beside costs, amounted probably to 150 dollars more
—making in all a sum of nearly 2,000 dollars, that
the Editor declared "it matter'd not to him how
much he was adjudg'd to pay, as no part came out
of his pocket?"

5. Is it not hence apparent that the Citizen, and
its hireling Editor, are supported by the C—n fa-
mily, for family purposes, to serve the ends of party
and to lacerate and destroy the reputations of useful
and honest men?

6. Is it not hence clearly to be infer'd, that the
persecution of Mr. Burr which has existed these last 2
years, has been wholly by the proprietors of this pa-
per? and not by the cur who only barks as he is
set on!

7. To citizens who truly love their country, is it
not a matter of importance that these dark aristocra-
tic designs should be usher'd into day—that they
should know whose hand it is that in the dark, and
through the agency of a Captain of the Lazaroni,
points the deadly poignard at the fame of the most
deserving, the most esteem'd and useful of our fel-
low-citizens?

Pray Mr. Tickler enquire into these matters.

FOR THE CORRECTOR.

MR. TOBY TICKLER,

SIR—I find that your paper is productive of ma-
ny good effects in this city, and among them, that
of encouraging ingenious minds in the art of painting,
sculpture, engraving &c. I have sent you a sketch of
a caricature to be executed by a young artist in this
city, as soon as a sufficient encouragement shall be
procured.

There is to be exhibited on a large royal wove
sheet of paper, the office holders principally consist-
ing of the two families, who from the aristocratic fac-
tion;—they are represented as being in the temple
of honor and confidence, seated round a large table on
which are represented the loaves and fishes; D—W—t
sits at the head of the table, and over his head is in-
scribed the family motto,

"Havoc, spoil, and ruin are my gain."

D—W—t is also represented as dividing the
"loaves and fishes" among his relation, with the fol-
lowing speech issuing out of his mouth:—"Yes, my
dear cousins, the door of honor and confidence is
burst open at last, and thank God, we have entered
therein, and taken possession; and now since we are
in we'll shut the door, and make all fast within, that
no one can enter and disturb us in our glorious career.
As I have been an old revolutionary officer, you will
not question my right to the first cut:—I fought in
the revolutionary council of appointment during the
years 1800 and 1801.—I marched to the city of
Washington in the year 1803, where I was on the
eve of an engagement with General D—y—n; but
my skill in the art of retreating enabled me to come
off safe."

"He that fights and runs away
Shall live to fight another day."

Bob is represented as starting up in wild confusion;
and from his mouth out flies the following speech:—
"I, Sir, you know, have fought.—I have fought,
Sir,—yes, Sir, I have fought—you were all present
at the engagement—'twas a bloody battle—'twould
have been a glorious defeat:—But, but, but, Sir,
my damn'd cock flinched at last. When you, Sir,
was fighting in the council, I was commanding a
company called the red headed gamesters, as brave fel-
lows as ever stood upon two legs.—Therefore, you
will not refuse me a loaf."

Yahoo Gumption was represented a little distant-
off, slipping off his cloaths by the side of a vat of
water and a dish of soap—not being admissible to his
seat until he had scoured himself. "In my place I
have been as serviceable as the best of you; my pro-
vince has been to fight in filth, and this is my ele-
ment.—I challenge any man upon his corporal oath,
to say that I ever flinched when dirt was the play.
No, Sir, Gumption has always been, and still is, up
to dirt."

Next fat T—s, the enthusiast; he is represent-
ed invoking the moon to inspire his pen in the cause
of liberty—while behind him is seen the American
owl descending from an oak tree, with a wreath of
pumpkin-vines to entwine around his head, as a re-
ward for his services in the sacred cause of liberty.

James Poignard was pictured as setting in one cor-
ner of the room, not being considered as worthy to
take his seat among the noble families—he sat holding
a Citizen in one hand, and his dagger in the other.—
And such was his speech:—"Is modest merit,
which takes the rear ground, to be passed over in si-
lence? No, I'll not endure it: have I not wasted bot-
tles of ink in defending you from justice?—Have I
not blackened every character that you pointed at?
Have I not for your sake slandered, belied, and abus-
ed the reputation of Mr. Burr? The thoughts of
which so preys upon my mind, that I am nearly dis-
tracted, and am almost tempted, with this poignard,
to put an end to my wretched life, which has become
a burden to me—my sins press hard upon me—sins
that were brought upon me for your sake, and which
I shall never be able to atone for."

There were a variety of others, who belonged to
the junto, but which I have not time now to give you
a description of.

TOM TICKLUM.

COMMUNICATION.

YAHOO.

"I could devise matter enough out of this YAHOO to
keep the public in continual laughter the wearing out
of six fashions, which is four terms."

It was my intention to have dismissed this animal,
as the tickling I have given him, though not equal
to his deserts, might serve for his amendment; but I
understand that he is beginning to give himself airs,
and to be troublesome. Now, I wish it understood,
that I put up with none of these things. He will
recollect that he is indebted to my mercy, for the
lenience with which I have chastised him, and that I
must not be provoked into a fulfilment of former me-
naces. I consider him as a sort of hostage for his
friends' good behavior, and know very well that if I
was to skin him, I could dress his hide in such man-
ner as would fetch me in a good penny. Think
what a forbearance it is for one who knows all his
filthy and mischievous tricks, to spare him as I have
done. Let him be quiet, if he wishes to escape from
correction.

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